SAINT·LEO
MONARCH

Copter Crash Kills Two

by Frank C. Theriault

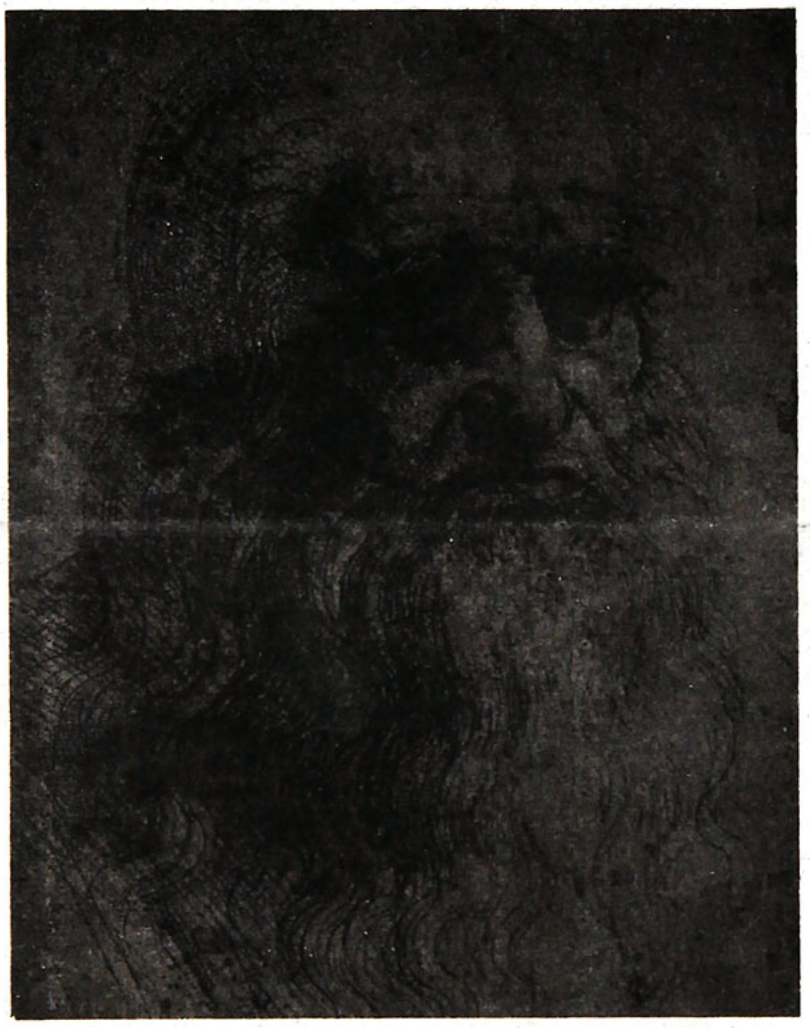
Two people were burned to death Tuesday afternoon when their helicopter crashed in a vacant feild in nearby Wesley chapel, about eight miles from Saint Leo College off Interstate 75.

The crash occured at approximately 3:30 p.m. when the helicopter apparently lost power.

Benny Price, a student at Land o Lakes High School, who lives less than 1/2 mile from the scene of the accident was an eye witness.

"I saw the helicopter flying real low, at about 150 feet." Price said. "I heard an explosion and then saw a bunch of smoke."

The blue and yellow helicopter matches the description of a Hughes 500c helicopter which left a Tampa Motor Home sales site shortly before the crash, yet authorities have not defintely identified the wrecked helicopter or the two victims which were charred beyond recognition.



Leonard DaVinci, disciple of experiment; inventor of the helicopter.

Florence Barnsby, another eyewitness who saw the low flying helicopter just moments before the crash said: "It looked like it was having some kind of trouble. It hit the ground and bounced. Then there were two explosions. I called the police."

Elenor and Kay Terry, a mother and daughter who live 300 yards from the crash site were sitting in their mobile home when they heard the crash.

The copter circled the field around her home then hit and bounced.

"My God, it's going to crash," Eleanor Terry shouted. Secods later, the copter hit.

Kay Terry said, "When I looked, it just went off like a cannon." There were several explosions and a huge ball of fire.

The burnt debris that was left in the field had no resemblance of a helicopter.

The crash is under a full scale investigation by the Federal Aviation Administration and the National Transportation Safety Board.

Editor's note: this late breaking news flash halted the presses. This accounts for the use of raw type for the copy.

Lewis Hall's New Garden

By ANN MARIE GALLAGHER

Winding vines, blooming geraniums, and flowering day lilies. This is the new sight behind the writing lab. Last year, fall semester, Ed Perez and Tom Abrams started a small garden located on a hill behind Lewis Hall.

When the Florida state smoking law went into affect last year, Mr. Perez, a cigar smoker, was told he could no longer smoke in his office. He was fortunately lucky enough to be located near one of the outside doors to Lewis Hall. Spending many afternoons in back of Lewis by the bare hill, a garden entered the mind of this apt gardener.

"Tom and I could never understand why the school grounds grew planted shrubbery and plants right up to the corner of the building, but never in that spot." When Ray Davis, a groundskeeper, said, "I personally don't know why nothing is planted there. Time is probably a main factor."

Perez and Abrams are both the type of people that hate to throw plants out. When they clip their plants at home instead of tossing the clippings aside, they re-root them and plant them at school. Other plants have been brought from a close-by nursey that closed down.

When plants were requested from the grounds crew there was always some type of excuse for their not being able to help out. "We would love to get some help from the school, but we are not succeeding," said Perez.

"Right now the garden isn't much, but it will be beautiful in five years," said Abrams.

There are many additions that are in the plans for future improvements of the garden. The garden now has creeping iris, geraniums, impatients, day lilies, a small Oak tree and a small alamander plant donated by Dixie Higgins, a freshman advisor.

Paydays are usually the big addition days. Last payday two railroad ties were bought. These were placed at the top of the hill to prevent the hill for eroding during rain storms. This payday will bring some mulch to the garden. Perez and his son built a small bird house which will soon be erected on the hill.

"A bench in the area would make a nice addition," Perez said.

The garden doesn't requires much upkeep, right now it is just a matter of keeping it watered. "It is almost a form of therapy to get away from the students, it relaxes your mind," Perez said.

Last winter a lot of the plants died because of the frost. This winter some of the plants will be dug up and put into pots, so they can be moved outside for sunshine during the day, and put in the lab when it is colder.

Most students are unaware of the fact there is even a garden behind Lewis Hall. When Kathy Farley, a junior majoring in education, was asked to comment on the subject she said, "What garden?" After she learned more about the garden, she thought it was a good idea.

Groundskeeper Davis said, "I think it is great what they are doing, and I try to help them out wherever I can."

The latest edition to the Lewis Hall Hill Garden is a red rose. Check it out.

Saint Ed's:

Hall Of Choice

By ANDY SCHALLER

Saint Edward Hall, or "St. Eds," or just plain "Ed's" as it is commonly reffered to, was constructed in the 1920's. Presently it is the residence of 148 male students, 66 of whom are freshmen and new students. In addition to being a residence hall, St. Ed's also houses several departmental offices. Located in the center section of the first floor, they are: Student Affairs, Residential Life, Financial Aid, Veterans Affairs, Health Center, Counciling and Career Placement, and Campus Ministry.

Over the past several years, Saint Edward Hall has gone from a decrepit run-down eyesore to a residence hall of choice.

"I used to shudder at having to take a parent into the building. I spent a great deal of time to think of possible advantages of living here," said Sister Mary Claire Nuehofer, OSB, the Director of Residential Life.

The poor condition of the residence hall was evident from the point of entry. Large dungeon-like doors made of heavy dark wood sealed the foyers and permitted no light. These doors were replaced a few years ago with more attractive entryways with glass doors. Much of the gloominess was eliminated by the admission of natural light through the glass.

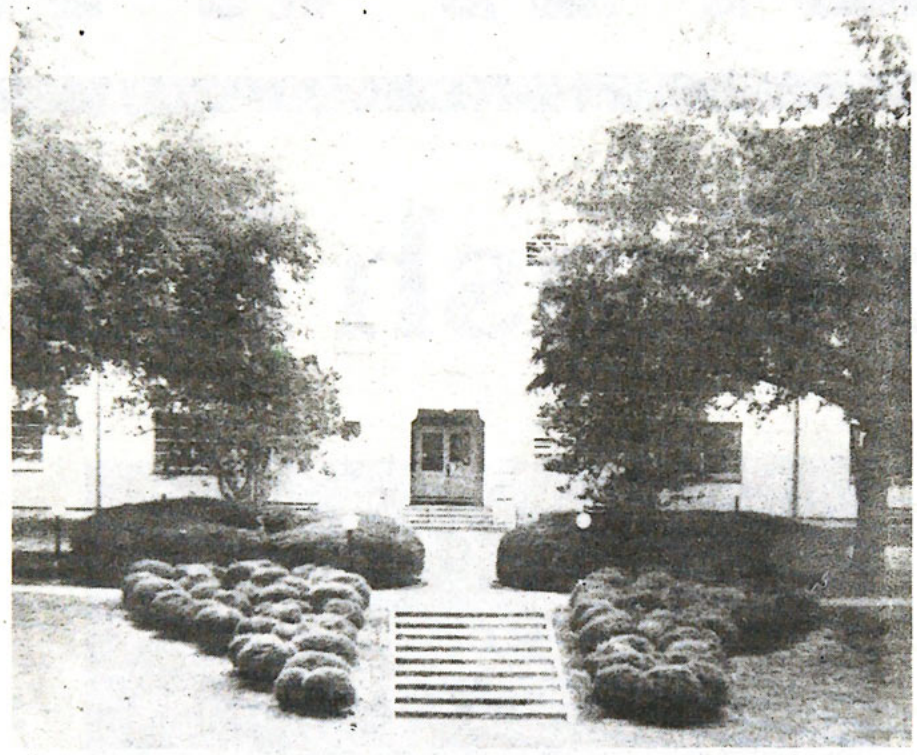
Once inside the building, the sight of more deterioration was unavoidable. "The walls in the hallways were a disgrace," said Sr. Mary Claire. "Every time they would patch them, they would crack again because of their age."

This problem was remedied by the installation of drywall over the top of the old plaster walls. Formica was hung on the walls of the stairways and in the foyers. Vinyl tile was laid down on the floor of the foyers and on the stairs. At one time, carpeting lined the hallway floors, but because it was old, it was eventually ripped out, leaving behind a mess of carpet glue on the underlying tile floor. Buffing and cleaning produced a finish that is still the walking surface in the hallways today.

Sr. Mary Claire recalls the rooms. Each room had only one electrical outlet into which just two items could be plugged. Many students used extension cords as multiple electrical sockets, resulting in a frequency of blown circuits. This sometimes meant that the R.A.s had to turn the circuit breakers back on in the offices of the first floor. In order to correct this problem, every room had to be rewired for more electrical sockets.

The ceilings in the rooms were also in need of replacement. They were made of old and collapsing tiles that were both unpleasant to look at and a real problem.

Much of the furniture for the rooms has come from military surplus auctions. Although the furniture was used, Sr. Mary Claire described it as "still servicable. Nobody took the time to refurbish it. It went in the way it was."



At one time, the college employed a man to reupholster some of the furniture. When he retired it was never replaced. More recently, about four or five years ago, a hotel went out of business and the college bought its remaining furniture. The items were not all matching sets, but were rather a "hodge-podge" set up that would have to suffice. They comprise most of the furniture in the rooms today.

The longest coming of all renovations, without a doubt, has to be that of the bathrooms. "The bathrooms were like ghettos before," said Sr. Mary Claire. Three bathrooms were totally renovated this summer along with the shower areas of two more, at a cost of approximately $158,000. Plans next summer call for the remaining three bathrooms to be virtually reconstructed.

"Now I can actually brush my teeth in the morning without getting sick from the garbage in the sinks," said Bob Huetz, a three year resident. Because of the poor condition of the bathrooms, students used to leave their garbage in them to be picked up by the maintenance workers.

During the 1984-85 school year, a problem with the hot water storage tank arose. It started to leak and could not be repaired because it had deteriorated so badly from age. A new one could not be installed because of it's immense size. Apparently the old one had been installed in the basement during construction and the rest of the building was completed over the top of it. A small building was constructed around the new tank that had been positioned on the back lawn of the residence hall grounds. The sole purpose of the building is to house the tank.

The reason that it took so long to make the necessary changes and renovations is money. As is always the case, there were more ways to spend money than money available to spend.

Don Marryshow, the Resident Director and former resident, said of the building, "It was basically a dump because the students didn't care." The building gained a reputation over the years as being a party dorm. "It used to be considered a crazy, wild, Animal House dorm, but it has quieted down now, for the better," said Mike Plehal, another three-year resident.

Many changes had to be make just to keep the building suitable for inhabitants. By no means are the tasks completed. Ongoing efforts are making vast improvements, but the road ahead is still a long one. Jeff Peters, a first-year resident said, "It's a lot better than my dorm at my last college, but it still has room for improvement."

Because of the improvements, "St. Ed's is getting to be a building of choice," said Sr. Mary Claire. "Students tend to do a lot less moving around within the building than they do in the others. Today's students are definitely taking more pride in their building. Rooms are more personalized than in other buildings."

Barbie and Ken

ADVICE COLUMN

Dear Barbie:

Whenever my boyfriend takes his shoes and socks off so that we can cuddle romantic, the smell is sooo bad I scoot to the window. My hallmates drive urgently to the orange groves. The problem, aside from the need for an eternal supply of doggy bags, is that he flatly denies any such noxious cloud steaming from his leviathan feet. I can't go on! Any suggestions. Please!!!

Signed, Cotton Up My Nose

Dear Cotton Up My Nose:

Cut his feet off. Drop him.

MONARCH

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Volume 18 Number 6 December 1986

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Important Message From

The Financial Aid Office

From: MRS. ELIZABETH MAQUIRE, Director

On October 17, 1986 President Reagan signed bill (S.1965) re-authorizing student financial aid programs. The bill makes hundreds of changes in the laws governing student aid.

The impact of these changes is predictable in some areas and unpredictable in others. The question on most students' minds will be "How is it going to affect me"?

1. Students applying for a Guaranteed Student Loan must now fill out the Financial Aid Form (FAF) regardless of family income. Eligibility for a GSL is now based on the contribution expected from the family (F.C.) determined by a federally approved Need Analysis System. No more GSL's can be awarded "in lieu of the expected Family Contribution."

We expect the new need analysis procedure to delay the processing of GSL's from four to six weeks. We strongly recommend that students obtain a GSL application from their lenders as soon as possible and file the FAF as early as May 1 for Fall 1987 (students applying for aid other than a GSL should file the FAF by February 1).

The good news is that GSL limits have been increased to $2625 per year for the first two successfully completed years. For juniors and seniors the yearly loan limits have been increased to $4000 per year.

The maximum for Parents Loans (PLUS) has been increased to $4000 per year.

2. The "old" National Direct Student Loan (NDSL) has been renamed PERKINS LOAN. Loan limits have been increased but eligibility requirements have been tightened. Only students "with the greatest need" will now be eligible for NDSL. This also applies to applicants for the Supplemental Educational Opportunity Grant (SEOG).

IMPORTANT: Should the FAF's arrive by December 10, packets will be ready for pick up before students go home. We will make the announcement on campus via bulletin boards and the "Daily Say-So."

The Real ZODIAC Story

By FRANK THERIAULT

"I won't be seen before Halloween" was the message on the mirror in a bathroom of the women's dormitory.

As with the other mysterious messages which had appeared lately across the campus of Saint Leo College, this too was signed "Zodiac."

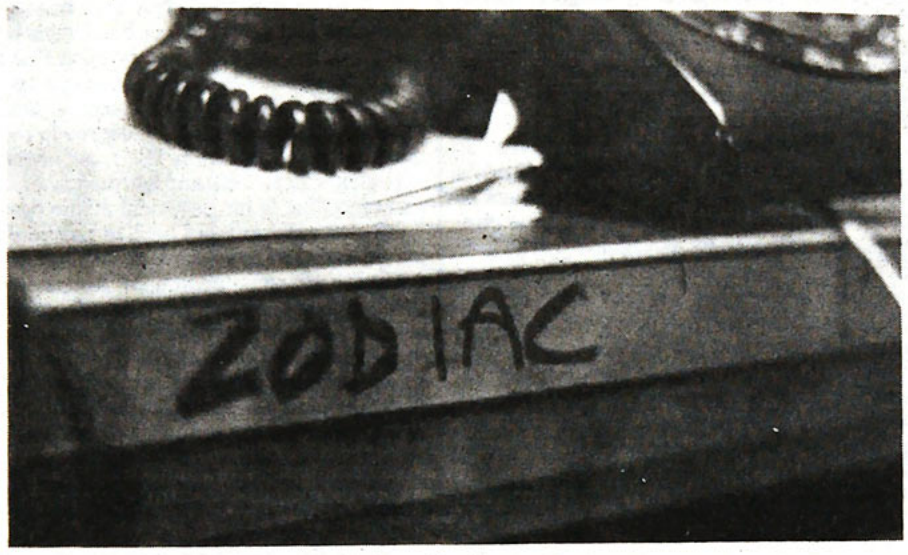
If the name Zodiac doesn't send chills up your spine, then you weren't at Saint Leo College in the fall of 1983,

This is when Saint Leo was the target of a practical joker's sick sense of humor.

Although there is no indication that there is any relationship, the name Zodiac recalled for some students a series of bizarre killings in California beginning in the mid-1960's.

A couple weeks before the Halloween of 1983, messages that rhymed appeared on mirrors and windows covering most of the campus. "I walked to class one morning and noticed "Z's" on many cars in the parking lot and on the windows of Crawford Hall," said Pat Roach, a freshman at the time.

According to the People's Almanac, three newspapers in California received letters purporting to come from someone taking credit for killing a teenage couple parked on a lonely road just outside Valejo, California on Dec. 20, 1968. These letters contained a weird cryptogram composed of an odd series of letters and signs.



In the letters beginning "This is the Zodiac Speaking," the killer eventually claimed more than 30 murders.

"No one knew whether or not to take the Zodiac seriously," said Dan Graf, who lived in Henderson Hall at the time. "Messages appeared everywhere overnight."

Campus security increased, and outside police were asked to assist. "There were cops on every floor of the dormitories on Halloween," said Bill Powell, former student.

The messages started about two weeks before Halloween.

One mesage read: "It's your last chance at the Halloween Dance."

Security was increased as people with costumes entered the dance at McDonald Center. In the middle of the dance, a man with a mask ran through the crowded dance floor with a buzzing chainsaw. "It scared the hell out of me," said Clyf Champion, now a senior, "I just hit the deck." It turned out to be a real chainsaw, roaring away, but without the chain in place. The man was apprehended, and people sighed in relief that the Zodiac was finally caught.

So they thought.

Halloween was actually two days after the Saturday night Halloween dance. Sunday night, one message led about 50 students to a cemetery on campus where they found a dummy with knives in it and spotted with what appeared to be blood. And another message reading: "Beware, the end is near."

"My friends and I got some beers together along with some flashlights and bats, and headed down by the cemetery," said Chase Broderick, a former resident of Saint Edward Hall. "It was dark out, and the dummy looked real at first. Everyone screamed."

Parents Weekend was less than a week away, so there was growing concern.

But the day after Halloween no one was hurt, and the Zodiac was never heard from again.

Crystal Springs

: An Alternative

By DEBBIE MERCADANTE

Are you overworked, tired of studying, disgusted with Lake Jovita and people diving on top of you at the pool?

Only miles away from Saint Leo College, picture yourself lying in the sand, soaking up the sun's rays, and cooling off in the clear water of Crystal Springs.

Crystal Springs is located in the small town by the same name, two miles south of Zephyrhills. It only costs $1.00 per person to get in. The park opens at 9 a.m. and closes at 5:30 p.m., and it is closed on Mondays.

When you enter the park, you pay at the booth and receive a pamphlet which tells you about the park and what the rules and regulations are. The big rule is no alcohol allowed.

The main attraction here is the natural springs. At the deep end, the springs are almost 12 feet. There are two major springs and a lot of sand boils which are smaller springs that come right up to the sand. The water is 72 degrees all year round. Many varieties of plant life and fish, from blue gill to bass, live in the springs. Fossils and shells can be found here also.

Scuba diving classes are held at Crystal Springs throughout the week. Tim Tenke, a Saint Leo College student who frequents Crystal Springs, said, "I find it a secluded and relaxing place to go. I like to go diving there and to walk through the trails."

A small beach surrounds the deep part of the springs, and the rest is surrounded by lawns and trees. The spring is dammed up to form the swimming area. On top of the dam there is a walkway, so you are able to walk around the springs and look over to see where the water empties into a small river.

"I go there often because I feel it is a very tranquil place, and I go there to get away from Saint Leo life and just relax," said Ted Violissi, a senior at Saint Leo.

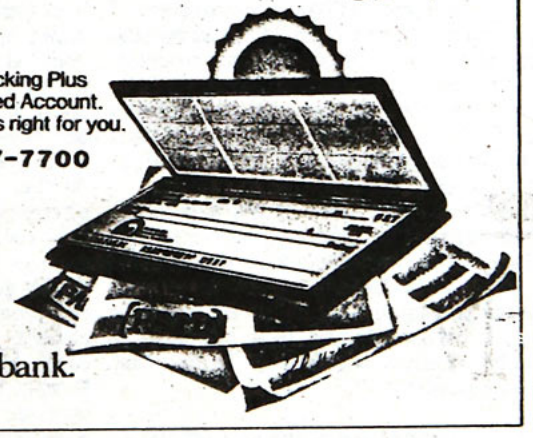
Although there are no alcoholic beverages allowed, there are picnic tables outside and also some covered table areas. They have hibachi and barbeque grills in the picnic area. There is also a snack bar. You can rent big tire tubes for $1.50 for the day and just kick back and relax in the water.

Sharie Lesniak said, "Last year for our hall party we went to Crystal Springs and had a great time. It is really an awesome place. I have been going there frequently ever since."

Beyond the springs are woods where you can walk through trails. There can be found streams and birds and trees. "It is a very peaceful place where the beauty of nature can be found. The water is flowing and the birds are always chirping," said Laura Pratt, another Saint Leo student.

So, put your books aside some spare day, and come on over to Crystal Springs and let nature take its course.

If it has anything to do with paying bills conveniently,



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Fight, Flight , Or Flow

FIGHT, FLIGHT OR FLOW
By KURT VAN WILT

Many persons are familiar—either theoretically or experientially—with the so-called 'fight or flight' reaction. It is the psycho-physical reaction of the organism to a perceived emergency. Researchers attribute this capacity of alerting and readying the organism to the functioning of the limbic portion of the brain. The limbic section, sometimes called the reptillian brain, is considered the brain's most primordial portion and is especially concerned with emotion and motivation. However, while many persons may be familiar with this function and its symptoms, such as trembling, shortage of breath, increased perspiration and overall tension, few are aware of the alternative: 'flow.'

In a time when humanity, or at least western humanity, lived much closer to nature, there were more dangers, more physical emergencies. To a greater degree, our lives were on the line, our survival was threatened. However, as our lives become more intellectual, more hi-tech, most of the emergencies we experience are psychological rather than physical, imagined or perceived rather than actual. Most of us enter into a fight or flight condition not because our existence is threatened, but because our egocentrism or self-image is threatened, or simply because our perception is faulty. Time and time again, we have not a true, but a 'false feeling of emergency.'

Although researchers, psychotherapists and mystics advocate various techniques for avoiding or countering a 'false feeling of emergency' the necessary ingredient for any antidote is awareness. If we were aware in the beginning, we would not have misinterpreted a non-emergency as an emergency; we would have prepared for the event, such as a test or meeting, observed and overridden the automatic function of the thoughts, feeling and body. However, because we identify with our thoughts and feelings, as well as our egotistic motivations (greed, vanity, pride, self-importance), we are fated to react. And once we do so, hormones for action, notably adrenaline, are released into the body to counteract or remedy an emergency, an emergency that does not exist. We can see here the beginning of a vicious cycle of stress and anxiety whereby we fabricate our dangers and have no constructive direction in which to utilize the energies that have been released within us. There are many records of people performing heroic feats when faced with real emergencies. Most of us, however, encountering only imaginary danger, take out our tension on others, explode, or suffer internal breakdown through fear and resentment. We are just beginning to appreciate the predominance of psychosomatic disease in our culture.

By simply being aware of ourselves, or 'present' as Gestalt therapists and mystics advise, we can appreciate the true nature of the event and our mental, emotional and physical orientation to it. Awareness will permit us to prepare, if possible, and to choose an appropriate and creative action when we are faced with a challenging situation. If we are aware, we can 'respond,' rather than react.

Mystics say that whenever we initiate or intend an action, we should be prepared for resistance or obstruction, and that such resistance gives us the opportunity to be aware and act in creative, non-conditioned modes. 'Watch for the shock,' they say.

Music Corner

By MIKE AMAROSE

MUSIC CORNER
Boston: Third Stage
Tom Scholz (Guitars, piano, effects),
Brad Delp (Vocals), Jim Masdea (Drums),
Gary Pihl (Additional Guitars)

Amanda, We're Ready, The Launch
Cool the Engines, My Destination
A New World, To Be A Man
I Think I Like It, Can'tcha Say
Still in Love, Hollyann

MCA Records

Performance: Excellent
Recording: Excellent

I am quite sure that when Tom Scholz put together a small, three piece band in his basement 15 years ago, he had no idea that the group that would eventually become known as Boston would have such success. Scholz, (who had earned a master's degree in mechanical engineering from MIT), got together with singer Brad Delp and a drummer and began recording in his basement studio in 1971.

All of the demo tapes sent to record companies were rejected until one of the tapes earned the band an audition at Epic Records in 1975. Late that year a recording contract was signed and the band's first LP, Boston, was released. The album rose to the top of the charts with the Top 10 single, More Than A Feeling, and later proved to be the most successful debut album in recording history, selling more than six million copies. A later follow-up album was released in 1978, but proved to be less successful despite its hit title track, Don't Look Back.

During the band's six year hiatus, Scholz, Delp & Co. have put together an excellent collection of works called Third Stage. The separate components of the album seem to wind themselves together to form a colorful tapestry of music in the traditional Boston style.

The album begins with Amanda (which climbed well in the top 20 one week after the album's release), and is followed by We're Ready and The Launch which is an interesting instrumental piece described in the liner notes as "ignition of the world's largest organ-powered vehicle." An excellent song, Cool the Engines, follows and the first side ends with My Destination, a variation of Amanda. A New World opens side two, followed by To Be A Man, an excellent display of Delp's clean sounding vocals.

One of the best songs on the album, I Think I Like It is the epitome of the classic Boston sound. Can'tcha Say follows with more excellent vocals and Scholz's wailing guitar. Still in Love is a continuation of the Can'tcha Say theme to a slower, but no less effective beat that fades back into Can'tcha Say. The last song, Hollyann, is another excellent piece of music and it ends the album on a firmly positive note.

This album seems to relate a series of personal experiences, possibly Scholz's, and the entire attitude of the album seems to be one of a journey into a higher, "third stage of life." Indeed, the album's lyrics are saturated with words that suggest enlightenment (e.g. "Changes, making me see the light, I finally see wrong from right").

There is a new aspect of music on this album that is not found on the other Boston albums. This is the use of recurring musical themes. There is the Amanda/My Destination theme and the Can'tcha Say/Still in Love theme. Both of these themes, as well as the other individual themes, give the album a sense of oneness and continuity.

A point worthy of note is that no synthesizers were used on this album. All sounds were made using guitars, old modified amplifiers and a 20-year-old Hammond organ. Some of the sounds on this album are incredible considering that no synthesizers were used. This is obviously a result of Scholz's background at MIT.

Interestingly enough, these songs were recorded over a six year period. Some being finished as early as 1981 and some taking the entire six years. Overall, Third Stage is an excellent album and may prove to be Boston's best yet.

Infamy : Pearl Harbor And Its Aftermath

by DR. JAMES HORGAN

The Pearl Harbor attack was the most devastating shock in American military history. Eighteen ships sunk or seriously damaged, including eight battleships; 188 planes destroyed; 2,403 killed.

It has been 45 years since this incident, and it is still the subject of fierce controversy.

How could it have happened? What was the extent of foreknowledge? Who was responsible for the catastrophe? Historian John Toland, renowned for such previous works as "The Rising Sun" and "Adolf Hitler," joins the long-running debate over these questions and aligns himself with the revisionists.

He is wrong, but this is his argument: President Franklin Roosevelt, convinced that national interest demanded involvement in the war against Germany, but faced with an isolationist populace, induced Hitler's ally Japan to strike the first blow and unify a vengeful America outraged by "a day that will live in infamy."

Toland concentrates on the nine official investigations of the disaster conducted between 1941 and 1946: a "blue ribbon" commission headed by Supreme Court Justice Owen Roberts; seven inquiries by the Army and Navy; and a joint congressional hearing after the war.

The blame fell primarily on the Pearl Harbor commanders, Admiral Husband Kimmel and General Walter Short, with hardly a harsh word for the Washington military and political establishment. In Toland's view, however, the inquiries were a jumble of political infighting, whitewash, scapegoating, and cover-up. Launching what he calls "the tenth investigation" (an exaggerated notion, for this is a well-trodden historical path), he attempts to expose a conspiracy.

In reviewing the evidence, he finds that Kimmel and Short were denied information vital to adequate defensive preparations. U.S. cryptanalysts had broken several Japanese ciphers (including the "Purple" diplomatic code), but key messages were withheld from Hawaii. Furthermore, months before the attack, the American ambassador to Tokyo and a British double agent ("Tricycle") had notified Washington of Japan's plans for Pearl Harbor.

In his most sensational charge, Toland alleges that the U.S. Navy in San Francisco was actually tracking the six-carrier, Hawaii-bound Japanese strike force through its radio signals (also picked up by the passenger liner "Lurline"). Failure to warn Pearl Harbor, he says, could only mean that FDR and the inner circle (especially War Secretary Henry Stimson and General George Marshall, who are portrayed here as particularly manipulative) welcomed the "surprise" attack.

On the surface, this appears to be incriminating evidence, but the issue is more complex. The code had indeed been cracked, but no message flatly specified a Pearl Harbor attack. Furthermore, there were hundreds of intercepts pouring in, suggesting designs on the Philippines, Burma, and Singapore, as well as on Hawaii. Fearful of leaks, intelligence specialists not only failed to deduce the primary target from the mountain of indigestible data, but guarded their sensitive secrets with ultimately self-destructive caution.

The fleet-tracking "revelation" would be real news if it were true. But it is challenged by two former Japanese then aboard the flagship carrier. "We kept an absolute radio silence," Minoru Genda said persuasively in a March 1982 interview, rejecting this author's contention.

Toland demonstrates clearly that Kimmel and Short should have received more information than they did, and that the investigations judged them unfairly. But his conspiracy explanation is unconvincing conjecture, echoeing less rancorously what C.C. Tansill's "Back Door to War" and Robert Theobald's "The Final Secret of Pearl Harbor" argued thirty years ago. The best book on this topic remains Gordon Prange's "At Dawn We Slept."

It was organizational inefficiency, inattentiveness, and confusion, not Potomac intrigue, which let a resourceful aggressor strike with such surprise.

Dr. James J. Horgan
Professor of History

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The DUFE

By BRIAN BOSWELL

The Dufe sat back in his well-padded chair. He stroked his firm jaw thoughtfully. The scar on his arm, witness to the brutal football season just past, shined bright red in the light of his cleverly decorated apartment. The phone rang, he smiled, speaking quietly, "I'll be over about one. What? Yeah! Leave the back door open. Wear red." Silence, then, "Yeah, she called. Don't worry about her. Ya know the Dufe. I'll be by. Later!" The phone was in the cradle before he finished. He smiled. It was all very much in the manner of James Bond. Someone, obviously new to this happening quad, asked, "Hey man, who was that?" Don't ask!" chimed Dufe's closest pal; he threw the Dufe a beer, trying to catch him off guard. Dufe swiped it boredly, slight smile, someone cheered and the interview started.

"Mark? It is true you've set your room up like this cause you always figure there ought to be two maids to make up the bed in the morning? Is this true?

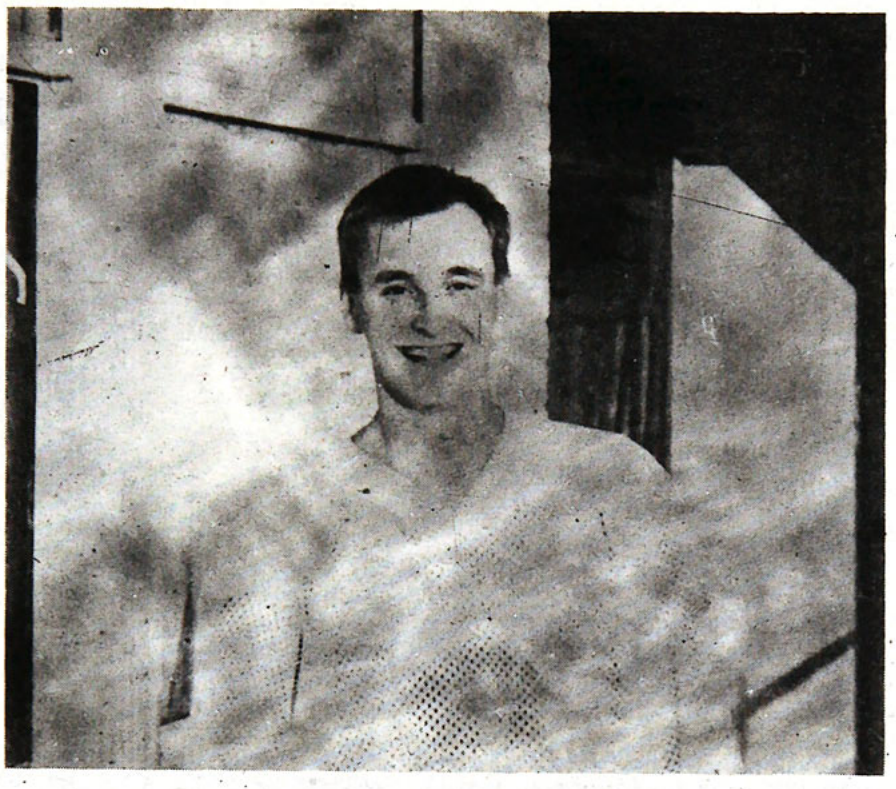
"Yup."

"Tell me Mark, you are the quarterback for a most prominent fraternity here on campus. Not many of us have the opportunity, the thrill of being alone out there, with just eight seconds left, the crush of opposing players in just three seconds. What's it like out there?"

"Well, you got a mind and ya learn how to use it. You're actions hinge on what you think about what you're doing. If ya have good stuff inside, if you think its gonna happen, it will. Ya just think about what's happening that night. You think about your buddies and how you're all working together."

"You are pretty close to those in your frat Mark, I can see that. Would you recommend pledging a fraternity to a freshman?"

"Well I wouldn't recommend anything to everybody. Nothing fits everyone that well. Frats are one way to really get to know people. Its just that extra measure which brings people one notch tighter. Its useful here because if you get to know someone well enough, regardless of some of the little things about them, eventually they become your best friend. Someone said, to know him is to love him. Fraternities help others get to know people they might have missed.



At this point in the interview a knock came to the door and we beheld a lovely young girl. She was shy and asked Mark to come outside. Neglecting to take a sweater, he left smiling. "She's a freshman." Someone whispered. "On a lighter note Mark, what do you do over the summer?"

"Pretty much only what my folks make me do."

Just then his roommate dove into the room and put the Dufe in a headlock. They fell to the floor wrestling. Bloop and Jimmy came in asking about some numbers. "Dallas has a ten spread. I've got fifty and the big man better be swift about it."

He threw Claude out of his chair. Claude was heard to say. "C'mon Dufe, I'm sick!" The Dufe resettled himself, Claude left sneezing and Dufe passed beers around. Highlights to next weeks Dallas game came on the television. Everyone shut up. But then started screaming. I could see this wasn't going to be an easy interview. Jimmy Vonn watched in disgust as he made for the door, he said, "I'm late: lunch date. I'll see you." Bloop laughed and said, "Jimmy Vonn is going down!" It took a second to realize what he meant. Everyone laughed, I tried one more time.

"Mark, what do you plan to do when you leave the university?"

He sipped a beer, thought for a moment. "No comment," He laughed. "Right now I'm satisfied just being the Dufe."

"What are your plans for the Christmas break?"

"Bit of skiing, bit of sleeping, some extra sleep, few parties, help my dad around the place, you know, bit of fire watching with some old friends, help my little brother with his jumpshot, visit the grandfolks, you know, just hang out, be with the family, sign a few autographs, I don't know, just take it easy."

Just then he stood up, looked around his place, felt his pockets, smiled crookedly, looked like he was forgetting something and said, "look guys, I got some things to do. I'll meet all of ya at the bar later, there's a party after. If I don't see ya at the bar, I see all of you at the party. If what's her name calls...tell her I'm part of the night."

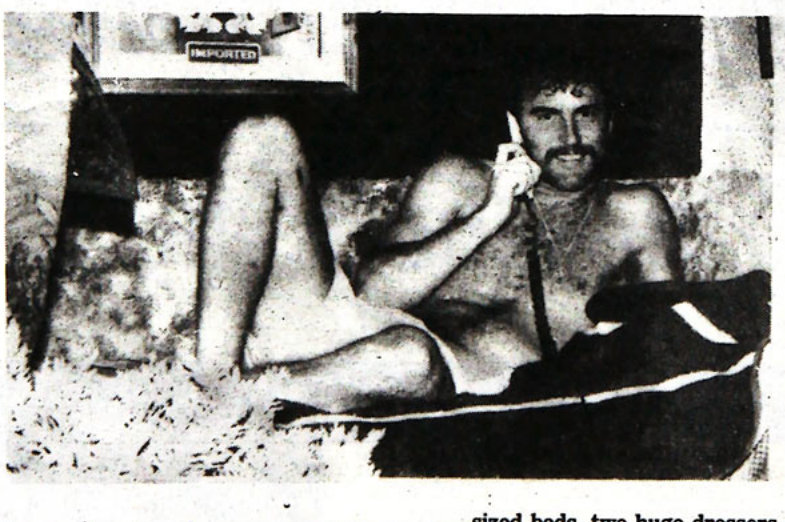
With that, he took a colorful sweater, pulled it on and headed for the door. A gust of wind came in and he left on it. A part of the night, his night.

The Caveman

By BRENT HONEYWELL

St. Leo—Frank Theriault, often called "the Caveman" of St. Leo College, has made some major changes to deal with overcrowding in Roderick Hall.

"Caveman" got his nickname from his living arrangment in a closet of his three-man, two room arrangement in Roderick Hall. The name "the cave" came from the dark, mysterious look that dim orange lights give the closet and the slight breeze generated by the ceiling fan. The "cave" also has a leopard wall-hanging blanket covering the entrance.



Theriault moved into Roderick Hall two years ago. "It is very hard to get into Roderick Hall if you are not an upper-classman," said Theriault. When he entered St. Leo, his housing arrangements were in St. Edward Hall. But Theriault got into Roderick because of a good friend who just happened to be an upper-classman.

Inside the cave, the walls are carpeted, mirrors hang from the ceiling, and beer signs, a ceiling fan, stereo speakers, sound sensored lights add a cluttered touch. Fishnets overhang the bed, wild animal furs and a furry tiger bedspread help ornament the musty dwelling.

Theriault has adjusted well to living in the cave. He has given a lot of people different ideas on how to make more room in Roderick resident halls. The cave has become quite an attraction for other students.

"Living in the "cave" leaves a lot more space out in the main room and is also great for privacy reasons," remarked a lady friend of the Caveman. "This was one of the many reasons I moved to the cave," said Theriault.

Theriault returned after his first semester in college to Roderick Hall to find two oversized beds, two huge dressers and two enormous desks. "The room seemed to be a maze when I entered it. I stumbled through the room, and in the process of hanging my clothes in the closet, I came to find out that the closet was very big," Theriault added.

"Frank is a very inventive-type person," said Dan Graf, one of the Caveman's roommates. "He is always thinking of something to add to his exotic wonderland in the closet," said Graf.

"I slept out in the main room till I could not take the cramping anymore," Caveman explained. Ever since that day he has never slept outside the cave.

Theriault's roommates enjoy having him as a roommate, especially the extra room they have with the 3rd roommate in the closet. Pat Roach, roommate of the cave dweller said, "Yeah, I like my room to myself for entertainment purposes."

Other students have felt the same cramping that "Caveman" has. Jay Collins, of 219 Roderick claims, "It's just too damn crowded, and I believe it has caused dissention between my roommates and myself."

Most of Roderick "quads" consist of two people in one room and one in another. Other "quads" have one student in each room. It's just how much money you pay," remarked John Joyce, who rents a private room. "Last year they had to open the 3rd floor of St. Ed's, which was an all male dorm for the past years, because of overcrowding in the women's dorm," said a St. Leo RA, Bob Currin. "This forced them to move men into Roderick."

Frank "the Caveman" Theriault has proven to be a unique individual. He has managed to satisfy both his roommates and himself.

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The Twilight Zone

by PATTI GUNSON

St. Leo Twilight Zone - Have you ever been there? That dimension beyond Nickel Night, frat football, and The Cosby Show. Don't get me wrong, these enjoyable indulgences do help to ease the stress and anxiety of studying and tests. But, oh my, could there be something beyond the Establishment? Something beyond knowing who hooked up with who?

Where is my mind taking me? I seem to be travelling inside my brain. Over there I see my medulla oblongata, and look my cortex! There are doors all around, this must be where all of my perceptions, senses, conceptions, and memories are held. Wow, is that Rod Serling's voice I hear, "There is a fifth dimension beyond that known to man..., the summit of his knowledge..., area called the Twilight Zone." Could it be possible that I am experiencing the 5th dimension? Timeless, endless infinity, center of everything and nothing, everywhere and nowhere. Voices and figures are appearing. All I have learned is being kept alive, as though preserved in formaldehyde. I feel like I'm in my subconscious. Who is this man? Excuse me sir, but is this my subconscious? "Where there is an id there shall be an ego." I remember taking psychology freshmen year, who could that be? Oh yes, it's Sigmund Freud. Wow, Sigmund Freud is a part of me, or am I a part of him? Anyway, this is fascinating. I wonder what else—Hey there's someone, "Sir, excuse me, but can you tell me where I am and how I can get back to the Establishment?" I remember on the trip home on Apollo II is suddenly struck me that that tiny pea, pretty and blue, was the earth. I put up my thumb and shut one eye, and my thumb blotted out the planet earth. I didn't feel like a giant, I felt very, very small. "Hey, this looks like the astronaut who was the first man on the moon, Neil, um, Neil Armstrong. Neil, you should know how to get back to places. Can you help me? Hey, where did he go - oh well. Gee, it's pretty dark in here. I'll go ask that guy over there if he knows anything. Hi, I'm not sure where I am, but maybe there's a solution to a way back? "$E = MC^2$. In so far as mathematics is about reality, it is not certain, and in so far as it is certain, it is not about

reality." Albert Einstein, incredible! I'd love to use that one on Dr. Rosenbaum, maybe I could pass algebra with logic -wishful thinking.

I'm going nowhere fast, but I never knew my brain could retain all this. I guess I never really used it before. I never had to, I studied and learned about stuff for tests, but forgot all about it as soon as the test was over. Maybe you have to really understand what you learn and as David Byrne of the Talking Heads says "apply it to your life." I never really thought about how to live before. Well, I took Intro to Philosophy, but that was when Ronnie's was open, I just loved the beer garden. Hey there's someone over there, I wonder what he's saying," we would be a lot safer if the government would take it's money out of science and put it into astrology and the reading of palms. I used to think that science would save us. But only in superstition is there hope. I beg you to believe in the most ridiculous superstition of them all: that humanity is at the center of the universe, the fulfiller or the frustrater of the grandest dreams of God Almighty. If you can believe that and make others believe it, human beings might stop treating each other like garbage. "I know who that guy is, it's Kurt Vonnegut. I remember seeing him in Rodney Dangerfields' movie "Back to School" this summer. All of these people seem to be concerned about some really intense thoughts. Could all of this be inside my brain? Maybe the brain is a great sponge and absorbs all information that it is exposed to." Without a firm idea of himself and the purpose of his life, man cannot live and would sooner destroy himself than remain on earth, even if he was surrounded by bread.

"Where's that coming from and what does it mean? I can't see this guy, he seems to be on some sort of underground level -underground? Oh yes, "Notes from the Underground" I read that in World Lit. This must be Dostoevsky. I don't know about you, but I could live on bread, rather than destroy myself. Purpose of life? Guess I never really thought about it. Isn't it going to college, getting a degree and making money? My parents brought me up on good moral standards. I go to church, (I love to wear my new outfits) and have never doubted my beliefs. What kind of purpose could there be in life? Hey, what's that, "almost all the spiritual traditions recognize that there is a stage in man's development when belief - in contrast to faith - and its securities have to be left behind." This sounds like Dr. Woodard's class, those notes I took belief, doubt, inquiry, belief. This must be the guy he always talks about, Alan Watts. But what is he saying? I can't doubt, I've always believed the same way. I guess I never really thought about religion and meanings too deeply. I go to church and say my prayers, but I never tried to understand it for myself. I'm feeling kind of weird. I don't like this feeling of insecurity. "There is today - in a time when old beliefs are withering - a kind of philosophical hunger, a need to know who we are and how we got here. There is an ongoing search, often unconscious, for a cosmic perspective for humanity. Hey, that's that scientist guy, Carl Sagan. Boy is he a brain. What's he saying? An unconscious search? Could that be what's happening to me? I think I'm starting to learn. I have the potential for understanding all of these people. Not only understanding them, but also challenging myself by joining the search for answers that have yet to be solved. I feel like a different person, but I like the way I am. I don't want to change. Where's the Establishment?! "Hey wake up, you must be having a nightmare. Come on get ready, it's 12:00 and Nickel night started at 9:00." Where am I -wow, what a crazy dream - huh, oh, get ready for the Establishment? Hmmm, I think I'm going to stay home tonight. You never know what you might be losing by killing all those brain cells.

"Do not go gentle into that good night,
Old age should burn and rave at close of day;
Rage, rage, against the dying of the light."

Dylan Thomas

Rosalie Kelly

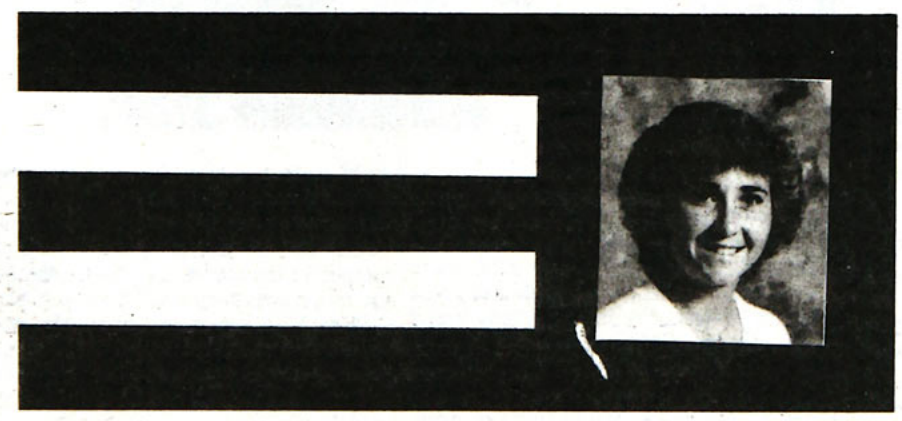
By EDWARD SAINT-IVAN

Senior Rosalie Kelly spends her spare time in the bar. She is a free-lance bartender.

On summer vacation from her sophomore year in college, she attended The Florida School Of Bartending "to have something to do with excess time," she recalls.

At least in one respect bartending school was unlike traditional schooling. "As far as mixing the drinks goes, it was all hands-on training, but you had to study the ingredients outside of class," she adds. As she advanced through the program, she became more and more challenged.

"You started out with the simple drinks and then you went on to more complicated drinks, such as frozen and exotic drinks," she says.



She also says the school is flexible. "I finished in two weeks, but some people take a little longer," she comments.

Bartending has its perks, she mentions, "You'd be surprised at the things people tell me." Bartending is for people who like to socialize, she explains, "I enjoy working with people and laughing."

If you suddenly feel overcome with a desire to drop out of college and become a free-lance bartender, she warns, "I wouldn't recommend it to anyone for a lifetime because free-lancing the way I do, I never know when or if I'll be working."

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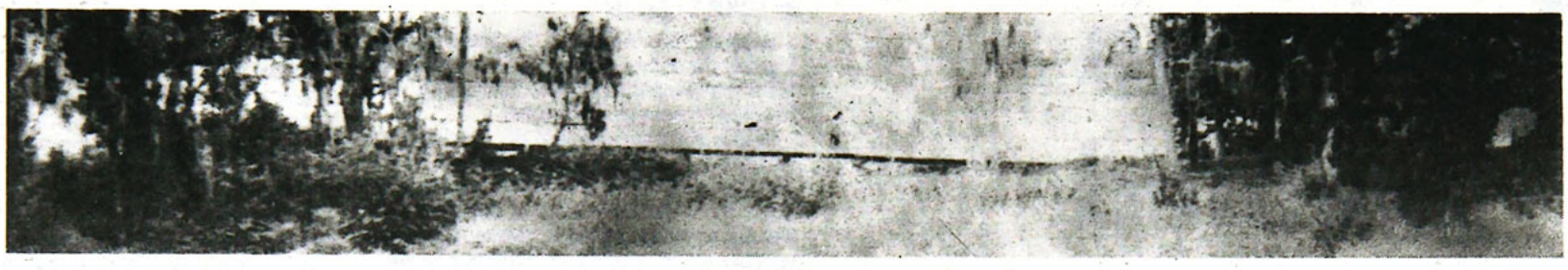
The Lambda Bridge



LAMBDA BRIDGE

By THOMAS KEYES

It is virtually the most important link from the girls' side of campus to the rest of the campus, and you probably never gave it a second thought.

Is it Lake Jovita?

Is it the telephone lines?

No. It is the Sigma Lambda bridge. The bridge, which stretches across an outlet of Lake Jovita, is a basic necessity for girls who must walk from Marmion and Snyder or the Priory, to classes.

According to Kim Hill, a three-year veteran of Marmion dormitory, "I had to walk to class every morning and back after classes. Besides just before and after classes, there was usually at least one more time I would have to walk that same path—for example, at dinnertime."

In actuality, an estimated 2,340 pairs of feet cross the Sigma Lambda bridge every week. "The upkeep of the bridge is a main concern of our fraternity," says Steve Briley, president of Sigma Lambda fraternity, "between vandalism and just inevitable decay, upkeep has been a problem."

The bridge was reconstructed in 1975 by Sigma Lambda, and has been the responsibility of the fraternity ever since. The bridge is painted black and gold, the colors of Sigma Lambda, and the fraternal crest is embodied on the surface in the center of the bridge.

"With the exception of the (frat) benches," say Briley, "the bridge is the only other visible sign of the foundation of our fraternity on campus."

As well as being important to the supporting fraternity, it is also invaluable to the student Monarchs. The average student would walk approximately 7.2 miles more a month were it not for the Lambda bridge.

Along with being a very practical structure, the bridge also provides an easily accessible point of asthetic beauty.

P.J. Bogensburger, an avid artist, says, "One of the most picturesque sites I've ever drawn I drew from that bridge.

"If you've ever looked out onto the lake either early in the morning, in the evening, or late at night, you'll understand what I'm saying."

Since the foot bridge is such an asset to the campus both practically and asthetically, it is difficult to understand why more people do not appreciate the bridge.

Jackie Clack, a junior psychology student, offered one possible reason. "People don't realize the luxuries they have until those luxuries are taken away," Clark said.

Clark is also a two-year veteran of Snyder hall. She has legged her share of miles back and forth across the bridge. "The walk from my room to classes is bad enough with the bridge there, I would hate to have had to make that walk if the bridge wasn't there."

Besides just having to walk to classes in the morning and then to trudge home at the end of the day, girls also have to walk for meals. Although Marmion Cafeteria does furnish some meals, the majority are served at McDonald Cafeteria, one mile from the girls' dorms.

Given that girls get the majority of the use out of the Lambda bridge, wouldn't it seem logical to have a sorority sponsor the bridge?

"Not necessarily," says Steve Briley. "Most guys in Sigma Lambda need that bridge to meet girls. And the ugly guys in our fraternity need something to hide under. The bridge is also a place where girls are seen frequently."

So the Sigma Lambda bridge goes on. Existing ever so quietly and not getting the recognition of other campus structures, but nevertheless playing an important role on campus.

Brother Paul

By MARY LETCHER

Brother Paul Tennis sits in his workshop up on a cool November afternoon, his paintbrush in his hand, his dog Dominic at his feet.

He pushes his glasses back and smiles as he looks at the painting of his dog Dominic that he is working on. He talks about his artwork, his younger years, his becoming a monk, and his philosophies of life.

Then he looks downward at his painting on the easel and adds some more colors to the painting. Tennis, 61, is a monk at the Saint Leo Abbey. He spends a lot of time each day working on one form or another of art.

"My main job here is being a monk," Brother Paul says. "The artwork I do here is an enjoyable way of bringing an income in for the abbey. It's no big deal. The money from the artwork I create here helps me do my part in keeping the monastery going. I do commercial work, make stained glass windows, and paint pictures for people.

"I have so many pictures out that I don't even where they are because I have never kept a record of who has bought my paintings." Brother Paul chuckles, then continues. "I was once having dinner at someone's home when I saw a picture that looked familiar, and amazingly enough, it turned out to be one of mine," he says.

It is not unusual for Brother Paul to be working on more than one think at a time. He is sort of like Santa Claus because he is always checking his lists, making sure that he has completed someone's order exactly how they requested it to be done.

But Brother Paul's artwork takes up just part of his day. Every morning he gets up at 4:30 a.m. and exercises. He reads for an hour, and then he is off to mass. From 8 a.m. until noon, he works on his art. From noon until 2 p.m. he eats lunch and does some reading. At 2 p.m. he returns to his workshop where he works until 4 p.m.

After his day at the workshop Brother likes to sit and eat a relaxing dinner. Then, each night he takes Dominic for an hour walk around the Saint Leo College campus. For the remainder of the night he reads, and then he goes to bed around 9 p.m. to get ready for another busy day in his workshop.

"Next to artwork, I spend a lot of time reading each day," he says. "I like to read about psychology and things dealing with the mind. I am interested in bettering myself because I believe it's discipline of the mind that enables me to do anything I want to do." Brother Paul has always been a determined person, and he has always done whatever he put his mind to doing.

"...An artist's integrity lifts himself above the level of the world without delivering himself from it"

Thomas Merton.

"When I was a child in Long Island, I painted anything I could get my hands on. My father was a wonderful man, allowing me to paint pictures on the walls in our cellar. I also remember the pretty little paintings I use to paint on all the doorknobs of our house. That often gave my mother many reasons to get excited.

"When I was 12 years old, I became very interested in art. I thought art was thrilling, and I could not think of anything more fascinating than taking a brush and painting down a series of symbols and being able to catch other people's imagination.

While in high school, Brother Paul studied commercial art. After high school, at the age 16, he went into the Navy. "I can still recall painting 15' to 16' high numbers on an official Navy ship, he says with a far off look in his eyes.

"By the time I was 20, I was ready to get out of the Navy so I could work on advertising. Once out of the Navy, I went to work in New York City doing outdoor advertisement. I painted advertisements on billboards on Broadway announcing upcoming shows. I even had the honor of painting Pepsi-Cola bottles on top of the building at 42nd Street and Time Square.

"Everything was going great for me in New York City until the AFL-CIO began having union troubles. I didn't want to be involved in that, so I packed up and came down to Florida."

In Florida, he started painting ads on buildings and billboards in Fort Lauderdale, he says. Eventually, he worked his way up the coast to the Saint Leo area.

"While moving around from place to place, I lived in boarding houses, and instead of just sitting around in my free time, I started reading Bishop Sheehan's books about prayer. It was at about this same time that I met the monks, and I soon decided that I wanted to become a monk.

"After hanging around the Saint Leo Monastery for awhile, I became a monk in 1954, at the age of 29 when I professed. Once I became a monk my job was to make sure the buildings were kept nice looking. I was also involved in painting various signs around the campus. As a matter of fact, the first sign I ever made at Saint Leo College is the Saint Leo sign that is still located on the Saint Leo Golf Course.

"I was in charge of the building of the new monastery, which is located behind the Saint Leo Abbey Church. In 1952, before I became a monk, I helped build the original Saint Leo College Library."

In 1955-56, Brother Paul learned how to do stained glass and made his own design for the windows up top of the Saint Leo Abbey Church. In 1983, he designed and painted the lion on the Saint Leo College Theatre Building.

Brother Paul's only formal art education came in high school. There he learned about commercial art from Robert Chase of Sarasota, who also taught him water coloring, and from the Catholic University in Washington D.C., where he studied liturgical art.

"One of my biggest and memorable moments since being at Saint Leo Abbey was when I became an honorary member and big brother to the Alpha Sigma Sorority in the 1970's. I have gotten to know some fine young ladies in Alpha Sigma over the years. Just last year I felt honored when the girls asked me to design and make a sorority bench for them which now sits on campus between Crawford and Lewis Halls.

"I have led a happy life, and many of the happiest years I've had took place since I have been at the Saint Leo Abbey. I have no idea what the future holds for me because I take one day at a time. I'm interested in complete forgiveness, meaning no grudges. I don't look to the past or to the future, for me there is just now."

SPORTS

Murdaugh Named All State

By MIKE DUGGAN

SAINT LEO—Although the Saint Leo College soccer season ended almost a month ago, Monarch sophomore Jim Murdaugh isn't finished scoring goals just yet.

Murdaugh was named to the Florida intercollegiate all-state soccer team and he will play in the Florida all-star game Saturday (Dec. 6) at the University of South Florida. The squad was selected by the college soccer coaches association in the state of Florida.

Murdaugh's selection marks the first time that a Monarch has been named to the all-state team in Saint Leo coach Hal Henderson's four-year stint as Monarch coach.

"When you look at the large number of excellent college soccer players at all levels in the state of Florida, it shows the respect that the coaches show for Jimmy," Henderson said. "It's a real honor for Jimmy and it's a real honor for Saint Leo," he added.

Murdaugh, a sophomore from New Port Richey, was named first team all-Sunshine State Conference for the 1986 season last month. He was fifth in the SSC in scoring with 12 goals and 4 assists in 18 games.

The Sensation Is Back

By ANDY PHILLIPS

It seems this year's mens' tennis team doesn't have any superstars in its line-up, only several very good players that at anytime could play the number one seed for the team.

As the old saying goes, "Any team of players can beat any group of stars." This year we have some team.

"We're close ability-wise with lots of depth. The line isn't set. Any one of the 10 players can be on top," said head tennis coach Tim Crosby.

The freshmen sensation from two years ago are back to show us more of their racket busting ability. The junior trio of Jeff Daly, Chris Cannon and Greg Kennedy are ready to start pounding at unsuspecting opponents from Rollins, Florida Southern and Tampa.

Before these three masters of racketry start to worry about those conference rivals mentioned above, they should pay particular attention to one novice to the Saint Leo Tennis Establishment that goes by the name of Steve Pollack. One of those elder statesmen of our mens' tennis team already has taken notice of this young freshmen upstart. "He has really good ground strokes. Inside the service box you can kiss it goodbye," says Chris Cannon. Even the watchful eye of Coach Crosby has seen the potential of this future tennis sensation. "He's a great addition to the team. He had his first taste of intercollegiate at Gainsville. He was seeded number one for us and lost to a Swedish player from J.U. (Jacksonville University)," said Crosby. "Steve Pollack will be a real attribute to the team. He has great ground strokes and really hits the ball with intensity," said Greg Kennedy.

"I'm not sure what Coach has in mind for doubles. This will be better because we're solid all the way down the line," said Chris Cannon.

The Coach certainly has doubles on his mind. "Doubles will determine how we do this year. In close matches, doubles makes the difference; that's what we need to work on," said Coach Crosby.

"Jeff Daly was our inspiration in how he came through in his hard matches. He shows a lot of determination under adverse conditions," said Chris Cannon. The team finished well in the rankings at the end of last season. Saint Leo placed ninth in the South Region of Division II. Unfortunately, Rollins also placed quite well in the rankings. The team from Winter Park is fourth in the nation and second in the South.

I think we're going to be number two behind Rollins. Tampa is looking though," said Cannon.

The key is to do well at the conference tournament. We can't lose to conference teams. This is important, especially for seeding at the conference tournament. We can't afford to lose to teams we're supposed to beat, except Rollins," said Coach Crosby.

The team opens with Rollins at home on Jan. 21. If you want to see the matches, just come by any of the courts after 2 p.m." We really need fan support. Only those who really know how tough it is to play a two hour match," said Cannon.

This season will have some exciting games. Best of all it's free. So come out next semester and cheer on our Monarchs as they set out to knock their opponents off the court with 'Cannon-like' serves, 'Kennedy-like' strokes, and 'Daly-like' determination.

Volleyball And Sandi Patton

By ANDY PHILLIPS

SAINT LEO—Three goals, three bulls-eye's.

That was the success rate for Sandi Patton during her first year as women's volleyball coach at Saint Leo College.

"Our first goal was to win 20 games this year," Patton said. "And we did that, finishing 20-15. Our second goal was to finish third in the Sunshine State Conference and we did that (with a 7-5 league mark). Our third goal was to upset a really good team somewhere along the line and we achieved that when we defeated Rollins College (7-15, 15-11, 15-10 and 15-12 on Oct. 28)."

Quite an accomplishment when you consider that Patton took over a team that was 11-12 the year before. The Lady Monarchs' .570 mark for the 1986 season is even more remarkable when you consider that it is the first winning mark ever posted by a women's volleyball team at the college.

But winning is nothing new to Patton. She was head volleyball coach at the University of Tampa from 1981 to 1984. Her 1983 squad won the SSC championship, was Regional runner-up and finished the year 32-12 and ranked 11th in the nation.

Patton gives much of the credit for her success to a trio of "super sophomores": Vickie Herma, Susan Weicherding and Sandi Hotwagner.

Herma, a 6-0 bitter from South Bend, Ind., is, Patton says, "a silent leader. Everyone respects her and she picks everyone on the squad up."

If Herma's the silent type, then Hotwagner, a 5-8 hitter from Midlothian, Ill., is her exact opposite. "She's a talker," Patton says. "She fires everyone up on the squad. Her enthusiasm is infectious."

Somewhere in-between is Weicherding, a 5-9 all-arounder from Brandon. "She's our best player," Patton says. "Her talent on the floor positively influences the team. She sets an example by the way she plays."

If Patton says the players make her look like a great coach, the players are eager to return the favor.

"Coach Patton brought out the skills that I knew I had in me but hadn't developed," Herma says. "But she does that, she brings out the best in every player. Thanks to her, we are finally starting to come together."

Patton, who has never had a losing season as a coach, is already looking forward to next year.

"We were better at the end of this season than at any time during the year," she says, "So I believe that things only get better in the future."

Oh yes, and any goals for next year?

"Sure," Patton says, "We're going for 25 wins next season."

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